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Rubens' Chair at Antwerp.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—The late Mr. Samuel Ireland, in the year 1769, made a picturesque tour through Holland, Brabant, and part of France; and having lately read this publication, I enclose you a drawing, which I have made from an etching by Mr. Ireland, of Rubens' Chair, when he visited the academy of paintings at Antwerp; thinking it may afford some gratification to your readers, I do myself the pleasure of forwarding you some extracts relative to the life of Rubens,—but in the first place I must give, in Mr. Ireland's own words, the description of Rubens' Chair:—

"In the centre of the four principal streets of Antwerp stands the Exchange, a handsome building, erected in 1531: it forms an oblong of 194 feet by 134, and is surrounded by a gallery supported by 50 pillars, with many sculptured ornaments. The apartments are principally applied to the uses of the Royal Academy of Painting, which is supplied with plaster figures from the antique, and pictures and designs of the academicians. The academy for painting after nature is under the management of a director, a sub-director, and six professors; it is used only from October to April.

"In the chamber where the professors meet, stands the chair once occupied by the greatest ornament of this academy, the divine Rubens. The Chair is of red leather, brass nailed, with his name and arms on the back; and such is the veneration for this great painter, that many of the brass nails have been drawn out of the chair to make into rings, as precious relics."

For this interesting article of furniture, I was told an English artist, the late

Richard Cosway, Esq., R.A., had offered two hundred florins.

As trifling objects acquire a degree of consequence, from their relative connection with great characters, a sketch of this chair may not be unacceptable to those who have never visited the spot.—Over the chair is a fine picture by Rubens, in his best manner, presented by him to the academy; the subject, "A Holy Family." I have been informed that a model of Rubens' Chair still continues to be shown to strangers visiting Antwerp.

I remain, Sir, your constant reader,
Feb. 7, 1825. W. F.

Select Biography.

No. XXIII.

RUBENS.

Peter Paul Rubens was born at Cologne, on the 28th June, 1577, of a very good family of the city of Antwerp; who, in consequence of the civil wars in Brabant, were obliged about that time to retire to Cologne. At Antwerp, upon the release from the Spanish yoke by the Duke of Parma, was restored to a state of tranquillity, where his family returned there, and his father took on himself his former office of sheriff of the city, and professor of civil law. The pains taken in the education of Rubens, from his infancy, were [illegible] by the progress he [illegible] in classical learning and the sciences. Thus accomplished, and with a person remarkably handsome, he was early placed as a page to the Countess of Lalaing, governess of the low countries: a situation indolent, and enervating, and ill suited to the active and ardent spirit of our artist. Upon the death of his father, he made earnest application to his mother, that he might be put into a line that would give greater scope to his aspiring genius, and by her means was enabled to study under several artists of great eminence, particularly Otho Venius, styled the Flemish Raphael. Here, by much application, and a mind formed for great attainments, at the age of twenty-three he became an object of such universal admiration, that he was invited by the Duke of Mantua to his palace, and resided with him there for several years.

During this time he pursued that glorious study in which he so eminently excelled, with an eagerness bordering upon enthusiasm: and while painting the combat between Turnus and Æneas, was overheard by the Duke, as if rapt with his subject, thundering out this passage from Virgil—"*Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet,*" &c. His extraordinary talents, not only as a painter, but as a man of letters, soon fixed him in a post of honour under the auspices of the Duke, by whom he was appointed envoy to the court of Spain; and while resident in this character, he painted many historical pictures of the first consequence.

John, Duke of Braganza, afterwards King of Portugal, captivated by his various accomplishments, also invited him to Villa-vicosa, his then residence.—Rubens made such expensive preparations for his intended visit, that the Duke caught alarm at the expense with which it seemed to threaten him, and begged he would defer his journey a little longer. The noble-minded Rubens replied, he was not coming in his character of a painter, but for eight or ten days as a visitor, and had brought a thousand pistoles to spend in his excursion.

In the cathedral of Notre Dame, at Antwerp, are sixteen or seventeen pictures by Rubens. Among these I must mention the Descent from the Cross, as it is generally esteemed his chef d'œuvre.—The composition and colouring of the principal objects are wonderful; and the various expressions in the countenances, particularly the tender anxiety of the female figures, are truly and emphatically the exertions of a great and noble mind. The figures are as large as life, and amongst them his wife's, his portrait, with those of his sons and daughter, are conspicuous. In separate compartments, on each side, are two other pictures, by the same master—the Circumcision and Presentation. A curious anecdote is recorded of one of these pictures.—While it was painting, Rubens being from home, as was his custom every evening, to take the air for two or three hours, his disciples, with the connivance of an old servant, generally made use of this opportunity to go into the study of their master, and contemplate the work of the day. Diepenbeck, eager to get nearer to the picture than his companions, stumbled, and in falling smeared the arm of the Magdalen and cheek of the Virgin. This accident not a little discomposed the young Tyros, who, dreading the anger of their master, unanimously determined upon an attempt to repair the injury. This arduous task was by general consent imposed on Vandyck, as the most skilful of the party. He undertook the office with diffidence, but acquitted himself very much to their satisfaction. The next day Rubens, in the presence of them all, looking steadfastly at the picture, only slightly remarked, that in parts it did not

appear to be his own; and it is generally supposed to remain in the same state to the present day.

The celebrity of the works of Titian and Paul Veronese, drew Rubens to Venice, where he acquired that fine style of rich and glowing colouring, which he never lost. At Rome he painted many altar and other pieces, which remain as specimens of the advantages he received from the Venetian school. From Rome he went to Genoa, which he enriched with his pictures, and magnificent designs for their public buildings.

In the midst of these vigorous pursuits in his art, maternal affection drew him to his native home, where he arrived too late to receive the last embraces of a departing and tender mother.

His grief was for a time inconsolable, and he retired to the royal abbey of St. Michel, in the city of Antwerp, where for several months he avoided all society. Filial affection did not rank among the least of his virtues; and in the noble pursuit of his art alone he found mitigation of his excessive sorrow. As soon as he began to recover from this affecting stroke, he entertained thoughts of returning to Mantua; but the entreaty of the Archduke Albert, and the superior influence of love, detained him at Antwerp; and shortly after he was married to Elisabeth Brants. Then it was that he formed the design of building a large house, or rather stately palace, enriched within and without with every costly decoration that taste and wealth could supply. He carried this work into execution, and the richest vases of porphyry and agate, antique busts and sculptures of the greatest masters, with an elegant cabinet of the first-rate pictures, completed the princely undertaking.

The valuable contents of this house its owner was tempted, though with much reluctance, to relinquish to the Duke of Buckingham, who, for the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, became their possessor, and England received this glorious treasure.

Rendered easy in point of fortune, he pursued his art—more for fame and amusement than emolument. His attachment to letters kept pace with his love for his profession; he seldom sat down to painting without first consulting the historical page, or the more elegant descriptions of poetry. He was well versed in seven living languages, and a master of the classics; the study of the Belles Lettres he termed his recreation, and the Muses were his inseparable companions. Formed for the society of the learned and great, his company was so eagerly sought after by princes and men of the first accomplishments, that one is almost lost in astonishment at the number, as well as excellence of his works, when so much of his time was devoted to literary society and pursuits, or the conviviality and the pleasures of the table.

In his profession he had many enemies, among whom Jansens and Rombouts were avowedly at the head: the former threw off the mask, and openly proposed a trial of skill, to which Rubens acceded, on condition that his antagonist should first prove himself, by the excellence of his works, worthy of the competition.

About the same time an Englishman, of the name of Brendel, a searcher after the Philosopher's Stone, applied to Rubens, and offered him, if he would erect a laboratory, and furnish some pecuniary assistance, a moiety of the immense wealth he was to acquire. Rubens listened with seeming attention to the idle dreamer, and then led him gently to his study where, shewing him his pallet and pencils, he awakened him for the moment by telling him, that he had applied twenty years too late, as he was already in possession of the secret.

About the year 1620, he was employed by Maria de Medicis, on the great work of the Luxembourg, so universally known and admired. Soon after this, in consequence of his extensive knowledge of the situation of the Low Countries, and the manners and intrigues of courts, he was applied to by the Infanta Isabella, to undertake an embassy to the court of Spain, relative to the immediate state and government of Brabant. He was magnificently received by the king, who, to express his great satisfaction at the able manner in which he had executed his commission, presented him with a jewel of great price, besides six fine horses, and conferred on him the charge of Secretary of the Privy Council.

On his return, he was again sent by the Infanta on an embassy into Holland, for the purpose of proposing a truce between the States and Spain.

Soon after this, at the instance of the Duke d'Olivares, he was secretly engaged by the King of Spain to undertake a journey to England, with a view of negociating some pacific measures at our court, through the means of the Duke of Buckingham, by whom he was presented to Charles the First, and graciously received. The king was not less charmed with the conversation than the works of this great master. His address soon completed his embassy, to the satisfaction of all parties. Charles conferred on him the honour of

knighthood, and with it a rich diamond; the sword of state with which he had created him, together with an elegant service of plate, valued at one thousand pounds, were likewise added as testimonies of his superior talents and address as a minister.

This embassy was the means of enriching our country with those invaluable specimens of his art, the decorations of the Banquetting-house at Whitehall—together with a number of other pictures and designs, which he made for the nobility, as well as private persons in England.

After his return to Antwerp, he was still employed in important affairs of state; in all which he acquitted himself with that eclat and universal satisfaction, which splendid talents and high integrity could only have given.

In spite of these flattering distinctions, immense wealth, and their attendant luxuries, the infirmities of nature crept in apace, and he felt daily proofs that he was but a man. The gout, and a trembling in the hand, disabled him from the pursuit of some great works that he meditated; and nature, yielding to disorder and decay, terminated his existence on the 30th of May, 1640, in the 64th year of his age.

He was interred in the church of St. James's, in the city of Antwerp, with every honour that could be conferred on such exalted merit.—Nobility, clergy, artists, and admirers of the fine arts, all contributing to pay the last mark of respect to departed excellence.

Rubens married a second wife, Helena Forman, whom he left a widow. He had two sons and a daughter.

Mr. Northcote, in his "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," relates the following anecdote, which is connected with this great painter:—

"James Mac Ardell, the mezzotinto engraver, having taken a very good print from the portrait of Rubens, came with it one morning to Sir Joshua Reynolds, to inquire if he could inform him particularly of the many titles to which Rubens had a right, in order to inscribe them properly under his print—saying, he believed that Rubens had been knighted by the kings of France, Spain, and England; was secretary of state in Flanders, and of the privy council in Spain; and had been employed on a ministerial capacity from the court of Madrid to the court of London, to negociate a treaty of peace between the two Crowns; and that he was also a magistrate of Antwerp, &c.

"Dr. Johnson happening to be in the room with Sir Joshua at the time, and understanding Mac Ardell's inquiry, interfered rather abruptly, saying, 'pooh! pooh! put his name alone under the print, PETER PAUL RUBENS, that is fully sufficient, and more than all the rest.'—This advice of the Doctor was accordingly followed." W. E.

STANZAS.

(For the Mirror.)

Oh! seize the present hour of Spring!
Ere yet is felt the wintry blast;
Ere yet Oblivion o'er it fling
Her death-like shroud—e'en now 'tis past!

For, whilst we mark her distant flight,
And falsely deem her far away,
She comes upon us as the night,
Comes on the twilight eye of day.

Unheard, unseen, unfelt she sweeps
O'er all alike, or high or low—
Save where her court fair Genius keeps,
Or Science bends her radiant bow.

Then seize the present hour of Spring!
Bid Genius' laurel flow'rets bloom!
And Fame her brightest rays will fling
Around, and gild her favorite's tomb.

ALFRIDA.

ON THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—It is well known that the discovery of the circulation of the vital fluid is attributed to the illustrious Dr. Harvey, who was physician to James and Charles the First; but, it may be a matter of doubt, whether this important fact was not known at the period when the book of Ecclesiastes was written, the authorship of which has, both in ancient and modern times, been assigned to King Solomon.

The writer, in describing with singular beauty and philosophic precision the symptoms of decay preceding the awful hour, "when the dust shall return to the earth as it was," uses the following figurative expression:—"*Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl* † *be broken,*

* Dr. Adam Clarke defines the *silver cord* to be the *spinal marrow*, from which all the nerves proceed, as itself does from the brain.—This, he says, is termed a *cord* from its *ropy consistence* to one; and a *silver cord* from its *colour*, as it strikingly exhibits the *silver-grey*; and from its *preciousness*, this is described to be *loosed*; as the *nervous system* becomes quite *helpless* and at the period of dissolution, wholly *disorganized*.

† The same learned commentator identifies the *golden bowl* to be the brain contained in the cranium or skull, and enveloped with the membranes called the *dura* and *pia mater*, from which a *bowl*, from its resemblance to which it is *round*, the *container* being put for the *contained*, and *golden* because of its colour.

or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Now, what can be intended by "*the pitcher broken at the fountain;*" but, as Dr. Adam Clarke observes, the *vena cava* which brings back the blood to the *right ventricle* of the heart, called the "*fountain;*" the word in the Hebrew also signifying a *spring*, where the water gushes up: properly here applied to the heart, which, by its *systole* and *diastole* (its *contraction* and *expansion*) sends out, and afterwards receives back the blood; for all the blood proceeds from, and returns to, the heart. "*The wheel broken at the cistern,*" Dr. Clarke, says, represents the *great aorta* which receives the blood from the *cistern*, the left *ventricle* of the heart, and distributes it to the different parts of the system. These may be said, as in the case of the *brain*, to be *broken*, *i. e.* rendered useless, when through the *loosening of the silver cord*, and the total relaxation of the nervous system, the heart becomes incapable of *dilatation* and *contraction*; so that the blood on its return to the *right ventricle* of the heart is not received, nor that already contained in the *ventricles* propelled into the *great aorta*.

I know not whether this explanation will convince you, or your readers—but it is not designed to detract from the merits of the justly celebrated physician before alluded to, who, if he was not the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, is entitled to all the praise of one.

As I have brought the subject of the heart on the *tapis*, I cannot forego stating, that I think its construction displays the great wisdom of the Divine Artificer. It is placed near the centre of the system, performs its task as well when we are asleep as when we are awake, by night as well as by day; and, like an unwearied and faithful labourer, with muscular exertions, distributes the "purple tide" through our complicated frame, till their wearied functions cease, and the tenement of clay is inhabited no more.

H. R.

MANUFACTURE OF COCHINEAL AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

(For the Mirror.)

It is supposed, that the insect which forms this dye at Rio, is not the same as that noticed by Linnæus, under the name of *cocus cacti coccinellifert*, which is described as being flat on the back, with six legs, and tapering horns, or *antennæ*.

The insect of Rio is convex, with legs, six in number, of a clear bright red, in both male and female, and the *antennæ moniliforms*, or beadlike. The colour of the whole body of the male is a bright red; the breast elliptical, and slightly attached to the head: the *antennæ* about half as long as the body. Two fine white filaments, thrice as long as the insect, project from its abdomen; and they have two wings, erect, of a faint straw colour. The female, which has no wings, is of an elliptic form, and convex on both sides; its back is covered with a downy substance resembling fine cotton. The abdomen is marked with transverse *rugæ* or furrows. The mouth is situated in the breast, having a brownish hook, which penetrates the plant the insect feeds upon. About twenty days after its birth, it becomes pregnant; and dies after bringing forth an innumerable offspring. The size of these are so minute as to be easily mistaken for the eggs of those insects, they remain without the least appearance of life for about the space of a day, then show tokens of animation, and soon after, move agilely over the surface of the leaf, upon which they were deposited by the mother. In three or four days the downy envelopement, visible on the second day only through a microscope, appears to the naked eye; and the insect it covered increases rapidly in size till equal to a grain of rice. As they augment in bulk, they decrease in motion; and when arrived at full growth, they are attached to the leaf in a torpid state. This is the period at which they are taken from the plant for use; if suffered to remain, they would deposit their young, as before mentioned. Various cells, of a cylindric form, standing perpendicularly upon the surface of the leaf, are discovered among the clusters of these insects, enveloped in their cotton. These cells are the crysalides or pocoons of the male. The wings, in their nascent state, make their first appearance out of them, and are perceptible about three days before the insect is in a state of completion or maturity. In that condition it enjoys its existence only three or four days, during which it impregnates the females.

The plant upon which this insect feeds, is the *cactus opuntia* of *Linnæus*; called at Rio, *orumbela*—a species of the *cactus*, or prickly pear.

The leaves of this plant are somewhat elliptical, and grow without stalks. They are thick and fleshy, having the upper side more planoconvex than the other. They rise immediately one from the other's edge, and also from the stem, armed with round and tapering prickles about an inch long. These plants, though

they would extend to twenty, are prevented from rising above eight feet; this height being more convenient to the manufacturer, and at which the juice of the leaves is supposed most nutricious. The young leaves are of a darkish green, but acquire, by age, a yellow cast; and their internal substance is of the same colour as the external.

Upon the *cactus* is found another insect, supposed to feed upon the *coccus*, or *cochineal* insect. It resembles, in its perfect state, a four-winged insect, called *ichneumon*; but is found on close examination, to be a fly with only two wings. The lava, or caterpillar of this fly, is with difficulty distinguished from the *coccus*; it insinuates itself into the cotton in which the latter is enveloped. When this fly is prepared to change its skin, it leaves the cotton, comes upon the leaf, and quickly increases in size, and changes its colour. In a few days, then it becomes inactive; but quickly after, it contracts its wings with violent agitation, and deposits a globule of pure red colouring matter. It next suspends itself upon the prickles of the leaf, and is metamorphosed into a chrysalis, out of which issues shortly a perfect fly.

The conversion of the insects into *cochineal* is a simple process. They are put into a flat earthen dish, and placed, alive, over a charcoal fire, and par-roasted very slowly, till the down upon them disappears, and the aqueous juice of the animal be entirely evaporated. But, during this process, they are to be constantly stirred about, with a tin ladle, to prevent absolute torrefaction, which would reduce the insect to ashes, and therefore destroy the colour.

F. R——Y.

BELLMAN'S VERSES.

The following curious poetry is from the Rev. Daniel Lyson's "Magna Britannia," in his history of Widdicombe-in-the-Moors, which may be interesting to some of your readers, partly from its ancient date, and being written by a person who was present at the time.

The parish church was much damaged on the 21st of October, 1638, during the time of divine service, by which awful event some of the congregation then assembled were killed. The particulars are recorded in some verses, still remaining in the church.

EDWARDUS.

In token of our thanks to God these tables were erected,
When, in a dreadful thunder-storm, our persons here protected,
Within this Church of Widdicombe, 'mongst many fearful signs,
The manner of it is declared in these ensuing lines:—
In sixteen hundred thirty-eight, October twenty-first,
On the Lord's day, at afternoon, when people were addressed
To their devotion in this church, while singing here they were
A psalm, distrusting nothing of the danger then so near,
A crack of thunder suddenly, with lightning, hail, and fire,
Fell on the church and tower here, and ran into the choir:
A sulphureous smell came with it, and the tower strangely rent
The stones abroad into the air with violence were rent;
Some broken small as dust or sand, some whole as they came out
From off the building, and here lay in pieces round about;
Some fell upon the church, and broke the roof in many places,
Men so perplexed were, they knew not one another's faces.
They all, or most, were stupified, that with so strange a smell,
Or other force, whate'er it was, which at that time befel.
One man was struck dead, two wounded, so they died few hours after;
No father could think on his son, nor mother mind her daughter.
One man was scorch'd, so that he liv'd but fourteen days and died,
Whose clothes were very little burnt; but many there beside
Were wounded, scorched, and stupified, in that so strange a storm,
Which who had seen would say 'twas hard to have preserved a worm.
The different affections of people than were much,
That, touching some particulars, we have omitted much;
But what we have related have its truth in most men's mouths.
Some had their skin all over scorch'd, yet no harm in their clothes;
One man had money in his purse, which melted was in part,
A key likewise, which hung thereto, and yet the purse not hurt,
Save only some black holes, so small as with a needle made.
Lightning, some say, no scabbard hurts, but breaks and melts the blade.
One man there was sat on the bier that stood fast by the wall,
The bier was torn with stones that fell—he had no harm at all,
Not knowing how he thence came forth, nor how the bier was torn.
Thus in this doleful accident great numbers were forborne,
Amongst the rest a little child, which scarce knew good from ill,
Was seen to walk amidst the church, and yet preserved still.

The greatest admiration was, that most men should be free,
Among so many dangers here which we did hear and see.
The church within so filled was with timber, stones, and fire,
That scarce a vacant place was seen in church or in the choir.
Nor had we memory to strive from those things to be gone,
Which would have been but work in vain, all was so quickly done.
The wit of man could not cast down so much from off the steeple,
From off the churches roof, and not destroy much of the people.
But He who rules both air and fire, and other forces all,
Hath us preserved, bless'd be his name, in that most dreadful fall.
If ever people had a cause to serve the LORD and pray
For judgment and deliverance, then surely we are they;
Which, that we may perform by the assistance of his grace,
That we at last in time may have with him a dwelling place.
All you that look upon these lines of this so sad a story,
Remember who hath you preserved, ascribe unto his glory
The preservation of your lives, who might have lost your breath
When others did, if mercy had not stepp'd twixt you and death.
We hope that they were well prepared, although we know not how
Twas then with them, it's well with you, if you are ready now.

EPIGRAMS FROM HIEROCLES.

I.

A SILLY youth, no conjuror we deem,
Plung'd neck and shoulders plump into a stream;
Twice in the liquid element he sank,
Ere a friend seiz'd and drag'd him to the bank.
After a little time he rais'd his head,
And to his kind preserver said,
"I thank you, Sir—but may I die,
If e'er again to swim I'll try,
Till I am master of the science,
And on my skill can place reliance."

II.

"JACK meeting Tom, astonish'd cries,
"I heard just now from Ned,
(And Ned's a youth that never lies),
I heard that you were dead."
"Observe me well," his friend replies,
"You see I am not dead."
Says Jack, "I'd rather doubt my eyes,
"Than doubt in worthy Ned."

III.

One of two brothers died—the one who liv'd
Met a weak youth, who cried, "Ah! how dost do?
How was, Sir, tell me, did your brother die,
Or (pardon me for asking) was it you?"

IV.

A HARE-BRAIN'D fellow cried out in the street,
"Who'll buy, who'll buy a house, well built and neat,
"The grounds are spacious, and the rooms are ample;"
And, bidding up a brick, said, "here's a sample."

V.

WILL said to James, "Last night I saw JEF stand
Close to my bed, and speak, and shake my hand."
"It was not I," cried James, "for I assure
By all that's sacred I was never there."

ALFRED.

ON VIEW OF A DESERTED COTTAGE.

Is this indeed the fond remember'd door,
Round which the flaunting jessamine waves no more?
The neatly wended, cultiv'd garden this,
Whose very outside mark'd th' abode of bliss?

Yes, still around that door some struggling twine,
Mark the calm, happy, home they once enshrine'd.
Tell that indeed this was *her* peaceful cot,
Whose love long years will never from memory blot.

How often, sideways of yon lattice placed,
We view'd the blooms, the rose, and jessamine grac'd,
When if one blossom peer'd above the rest,
'Twas quickly pluck'd to be my bosom's guest.

Thought yet reposes on the lengthen'd tale,
That o'er the tea-board frequent would prevail
When she would yield my ardent feelings scope,
And feed my fondest, wildest dreams of hope.

She's gone! and almost ev'ry cherish'd flower
Has felt the influence of Time's withering power,
For far from blooming in luxuriance here,
Scarcely a sprig remains to tell they were.

Farewell! your sainted tenant, wealth, nor fame,
Nor power, transmits to time with deathless name;
Yet in my heart her voice of friendship dwells,
And calms the ardour that so oft rebels.

ELIZA.

Scientific Amusements.

No. X.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Under the above head you have occasionally introduced some curious *Arithmetical Recreations*; with your permission I will submit three useful problems which at first sight, may appear extremely *paradoxical* to some readers. I also send a few useful rules for expeditious calculation, and am, Sir,

Your's respectfully,

JACOBUS.

PROBLEMS.

I. *To perform Multiplication by Division.*

Rule. Divide unity by the given multiplier, and the multiplicand divided by the quotient thence arising, will be the product sought.

Example. Let 742 be multiplied by 125, and perform the operation by division (*Answer* 92,750.)

125)1,000(.008 ‖ .008)742,000

92,750 product.

Again multiply 27,576 by 625 (*Answer* 17235000.)

625)1.0000(.0016‖.0016)27576(17235000

product.

II. *To perform Division by Multiplication.*

Rule. Divide unity by the given divisor, and the dividend multiplied by the quotient thence arising will be the quotient sought.

Example. Divide 92,750 by 125, and perform the operation by multiplication, (*Answer*, 742.)

125)1.000(.008 ; and 92,750 × .008=742 is the quotient required.

Again divide 17,235,000 by 625 (*Answer* 27,576.)

625)1.0000(.0016 17,235,000
625 .0016
3,750 103,410,000
3,750 17,235,000
27,576. quotient sought

III. *To find the sum of an infinite series decreasing ad infinitum.*

It may appear strange to many persons that this can be practicable; whereas should the terms be continued, it would after thousands of years labour, and after producing millions of terms be none the nearer towards a conclusion; nevertheless this may be very easily accomplished by the following rule. Divide the square of the first term by the difference between the first and second terms in the series, the quotient is the sum.

Example. Suppose a body were put into motion by a force which should impel it 12 miles the first hour, 10 miles the second, and so on *for ever*, decreasing in the ratio of 10-12; what space would it move through?

12 × 12=144 square of first term.
12 − 10= 2 difference between the first and second terms.
and 144÷ 2=72 miles the distance required.

Again suppose another body were impelled in the manner 1-2 mile the first minute, 1-4 mile the second, 1-8 mile the third, 1-16 mile the fourth, and so on for ever, it would go only *one mile!*

RULES FOR EXPEDITIOUS CALCULATIONS.

1. *To find the yearly income at so much per day.*

Rule. As many pence as it is per day, take so many pounds, and as many half-pounds, the sum is the yearly income for leap years; when *not* leap year subtract one half-pound.

2. *To find the yearly income at so much per week.*

Rule. As many shillings as it is a week, take so many pounds, and 13 times as many shillings.

3. *At so much per 100, how much per 1,000. (as for bricks, tiles, &c.)*

Rule. As many shillings as it is per 100, half as many pounds.

4. *At so much each, how much per 100.*

Rule. As many pence as it is each, take 8 times as many shillings, and as many groats to it in pence.

5. *At so much per pound, how much per cwt. (or 112 pounds.)*

Rule. As many pence as it is per pound, take 9 times as many shillings, and once as many groats.

6. *At so much each, how much per great hundred (of six score or 120 pieces).*

Rule. As many pence as each costs, take 10 times as many shillings.

7. *At so much each, how much per dozen.*

Rule. As many pence just as many shillings.

8. *At so much each, how much per score.*

Rule. As many pence as each comes to, take once as many shillings, and 8 times as many pence.

9. *At so much each, how much per gross (of 144).*

Rule. Take 12 times as many shillings as one costs pence.

10. *So much per bushel, how much per chaldron.*

Rule. Take 3 times as many shillings as it is pence per bushel.

The above rules (applicable to many general occurrences of trade) are so concise as to be easily remembered, and so simple that they require neither examples to elucidate them nor demonstrations to explain them.

Henry Marten's Tower.

The Topographer.

No. X.

The town of Chepstow in Monmouthshire, is celebrated among its other beauties, for the picturesque ruins of its once formidable castle, founded A. D. 1130, by Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed Strongbow; it is situated on a high cliff, whose base is washed by the river Wye. From the immense thickness of the walls, yet standing, the castle appears to have been of great strength; and being on the frontiers of Wales, is noted in the early history of this country as the scene of many a bloody encounter; but the ivy has twined its luxuriant tendrils over the embrasures that once bristled with cannon, and the nettles grow undisturbed in the halls that echoed to the sounds of revelry, the clang of arms, the shrill trumpet, and heavy tramp of their gallant defenders. The fierce barons, the ancient lords of this feudal castle, who generally were the oppressor's of the surrounding country, and secure in their strong holds often bade defiance to their sovereign, now rest from all their toils, under the pavement of the cheerless and desolate chapel; and their names live but in the page of the historian, "to point a moral, or adorn a tale." At the time of the civil wars, this castle was garrisoned for the king, till taken by Colonel Morgan; it was afterwards surprised and taken by the loyalists under Sir Nicholas Kemeys; on this event Cromwell marched against it in person, but without success, although garrisoned by only 160 men. It was finally reduced by General Waller, and remained in the hands of the republicans till the restoration.

The keep, or citadel, the most perfect part of the ruins, is called *Henry Marten's Tower*,* and is remarkable as the prison of that unfortunate man, the regicide, the friend, and associate of Cromwell, who was confined for many years, and finally died there. He appears to have been treated with great lenity, and was allowed to ride out attended by a guard, and to visit the families in the neighbourhood. The tower though strong and well calculated for a place of confinement, is large and commodious, and by no means deserves the description Southey has given of it.

* For this interesting account of Henry Marten's Tower, we are indebted to a correspondent who also favoured us with an original drawing he had made, and from which our engraving is copied. We need scarcely add how much we shall feel obliged by the further communication which he so kindly promises.—Ed.

"For thirty years secluded from mankind,
Here Marten linger'd; Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced his prison——not to him,
Did nature's fair varieties exist,
He never saw the sun's delightful beams;
Save when thro' yon high bars he poured a sad
And broken splendour."

The remains of Henry Marten are interred in Chepstow Church, the epitaph was written by himself.

Here
September the 9th in the year of our
Lord, 1680,
Was buryed a true Englishman
Who in Berkshire was well known,
To love his country's freedom 'bove his
own,
But living immured full twenty year,
Had time to write, as doth appear
His epitaph.

H ere or elsewhere (all's one, to you,
to me)
E arth, air, or water, gripes my ghost-
less dust
N one knows how soon to be by fate nott
free.
R eader if you are often tryed, rule with
trust
Y ou'll gladly do and suffer what you
must.

M y life was spent with serving, you,
and you,
A nd death's my pay (it seems) and wel-
come too;
R evenge destroying but itself, while I,
T o birds of prey leave my old cage, and
fly.
E xtremes preach to th' eye, care then
(mine says)
N ot how you end, but how you spend
your dayes.

HENRY MARTEN.

ANTIQUITUS.

SONG.

[The following air is from the new comic opera-bale-drama of 'Don Juan,' now performing at Drury-lane Theatre. The play is founded on a tale in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, that "pleasing cabinet of the fanciful and the imaginative, of the lively and the pathetic," as the *Times* justly describes it.]

The third, whose song of gladness
A wiry cage confines,
Its prison views with sadness,
And as it sings, repines.

It mounts the blue blue heaven
Where once aloft it soar'd;
And where from dawn till even
He carol freely pour'd.

But if the hand of pity
To air restores its wings,—
How quickly changed its ditty;
How sweetly it sings!

So I, if once relenting fate
My twisted woes would sever,
Again could smile with hope elate,
And care deride for ever.

THE GAMES OF LIFE.

The little *Miss*, at three years old,
Plays with her doll and prattles;
The little *Master*, stout and bold,
Plays with his drums and rattles.

The *Boy*, detesting musty books,
Loves romping with the lasses;
And *Miss* grows older, studies looks,
And plays with looking-glasses.

The *Rake*, [illegible] of fun,
[illegible] at drinking;
[illegible] with dog and gun;
[illegible] at thinking.

[illegible] haughty airs,
[illegible] at tormenting;
[illegible] to other cares,
[illegible] repenting.

Wretches [illegible] created woe,
The [illegible] hoarding;
Eager to [illegible] country's foe,
The [illegible] boarding.

The [illegible] game so well,
As [illegible] greeting;
The [illegible] with things to sell;
The [illegible] at eating.

To play at dosing, *Doctors* know
A lengthy case in choosing;
And those who would to Congress go,
Play at electioneering.

With ledger busied *Merchants* take
A game at calculation;
And *Congressmen* too often make
A plaything of the nation.

By speaking much and doing naught,
By bustling, throughout, charging,
Congress the nation have not taught,
That they here play at ranting.

With looks profound, and thoughtful mind,
Projectors play at scheming,
Till worn with care, at last they find,
They've all along been dreaming.

The *Lover* sad, and wofull man,
Plays day and night at fretting;
Whilst, laughing at the silly man,
His Delia sports coquetting.

Coxcombs, while none but coxcombs nigh,
Are fond of gasconading;
And *Statesmen* fawn, and cringe, and lie,
And play at Masquerading.

At setting types the *Printers* play;
And sometimes with their quills;
Their *Features* do not play, they say,
At paying of their bills.

The *Player* plays for wealth and fame,
And thus all play together,
Till *Death* at last shatters the game,
And stops their play for ever!

[illegible] *Paper*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

I was mainly induced to marry by reading in Cowper's Poems something similar to the following:

> Domestic happiness thou only bliss
> That has survived the fall!

Cowper, to be sure, was never married *in propria persona*: but he wrote so movingly about sofas and hissing tea-urns, and evening walks, not to mention fire-places and shining stores of needles, that there is no doubt he would have made a jewel of a husband, if Lady Austen, Lady Throckmorton, and Mrs. Unwin had not been otherwise engaged. My aunt Edwards has him bound in two volumes, in red morrocco, and always takes him in her carriage into the Regent's Park. She has two propositions, which she is ready to back for *self-evidentium* against any two in Euclid; the one is, that Cowper is the greatest poet in the English language, and the other, that when Fitzroy-square is finished (it has been half-finished nearly half a century,) it will be the handsomest square in all London. Be that as it may, I took Cowper's hint about domestic bliss: married Jemima Bradshaw, and took a house in Ceram-street, Russell-square. We passed the honeymoon at Cheltenham; and my aunt Edwards lent us her Cowper in two volumes to take with us, that we might not be dull. We had a pretty considerable quantity of each other's society at starting, which I humbly opine to be not a good plan. I am told that pastry-cooks give their new apprentices a *carte blanche* among the tarts and jellies, to save those articles from their subsequent satiated stomachs. Young couples should begin with a little aversion, according to Mrs. Malaprop; old ones sometimes end with not a little; but it is not for me to be diving into causes and consequences—Benedicts have nothing to do with the laws of Hymen, but to obey them.

At Cheltenham my wife and I kept separate volumes. She studied "The Task" on a bench in the High-street, and I read "Alexander Selkirk" on the Well Walk. Long before the expiration of the period of our allotted banishment from town, I could repeat the whole poem by heart, uttering

> O Solitude, where are the charms
> That Sages have seen in thy face?

with an emphasis which showed that I felt what I read. On our arrival in Ceram-street, I found such a quantity of cards, containing the names of subscriptions on both sides, all solicitous about our health, that I proposed to my wife an instant lithographic circular, assuring them severally that we were well, and hoped they were the same. This, however, would not do. In fact the bridecake had done the business at starting. "Well, my dear Jemima," said I, "our confectioner did the civil thing at the outset, but your relations have been rather niggardly in returning the compliment. I think a few pounds of lump sugar would have been a more acceptable boon in exchange. They have filled our card-rack, and sent our japan canister empty away." My wife smiled at my simplicity, and ordered a glass-coach to return their calls. The poor horses had a weary day's work of it: Mr. George Bradshaw lived in Finsbury-square, Mr. William Bradshaw in the Paragon, Kent Road, Mr. Æneas Bradshaw in Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews (her maiden name was Jane Bradshaw) in Mounting-lane, Hackney, and Mrs. Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium Row, Fulham. All these good people had a natural wish to gape and stare at the bridegroom; dinner-cards were the consequence, and the glass-coach was again in requisition. Mr. George Bradshaw of Finsbury-square, was the first personage on the visiting list. From him I learned that the street called Old Bethlem, was newly christened Liverpool-street, and that the street adjoining took the name of Bloomfield-street, (I suppose upon the principle of *lupus a non lucendo*, because the prime minister and the farmer's boy were never seen in either;) that Bethlem Hospital was removed to St. George's Fields; and that there was a brick of London-wall now left standing. His wife was civil and obliging; but the next time I dine there, I will trouble Mrs. George Bradshaw not to pour my mint-sauce over my salmon, but to deposit it on a detached portion of my plate. I sat at table next to a bill-broker in town, who remembered John Palmer at the Royalty Theatre. The Paragon in the Kent Road next opened its aunt-creeper bosom to deposit my spouse and me at the dinner-table of Mr. William Bradshaw. Here a crowd of company was invited to meet us, consisting of my wife's first cousins from Canterbury, and several cousins from the Mile-end road; worthy people, no doubt, but of no more moment to me than the body-guard of the Emperor of China. Musings were

time far rather at a discount; but the [illegible] at the dinner that raised them considerably above par. Mr. Æneas Bradshaw, of Oxford-street, Grosvenor-square, was a clerk in the Audit-office, and shewed the crown of his head to look like Mr. Canning. Whether, in the event of trepanning, the resemblance would have gone deeper down, I will not attempt to decide. Certain however it is, that he talked and walked with an air of considerable sagacity; his politeness too was exemplary; he ventured to hope that I was in good health; he had been given to understand that I had taken a house in Coram-street: he could not bring himself for a moment to entertain a doubt that it was a very comfortable house; but he must take leave to be permitted to hint, that of all the houses he ever entered, that of Mr. Canning on Richmond Terrace, in Spring Gardens, was the most complete: Lord Liverpool's house, to be sure, was a very agreeable mansion, and that of Mr. Secretary Peel was a capital affair: but still, with great deference, he must submit to my enlightened penetration that Richmond Terrace outstripped them all. It was meant to be implied by this harangue, that he, Mr. Æneas Bradshaw, was in the habit of visiting at each of the above [illegible] residences; and the bend of my head was meant to imply that I believed it:—two specimens of lying which I [illegible] to my friend Mr. Opie for his great edification.

[illegible] to count the number of miles that the reading forth of our bride-cake would cause us to cost ever: not to mention sixteen shillings per diem for the [illegible], and three and sixpence [illegible] conveyance. My wife and I had [illegible] from Gower-street to Finsbury-square, to the Paragon, in Kent-road, and to Grosvenor-square, Grosvenor-square, and I did not find my "domestic happiness" at all increased by the perambulations. A. A. entered my house from the last-mentioned visit, the house-maid put into my hands a parcel. It was a present from my uncle Edwards of the [illegible] which had been lent to us during the honeymoon, with my aunt's compliments [illegible] in the margin. Well, thought I, at all events I have gained something by my marriage: here [illegible] Gospel bound in red morocco. I will keep them by me, "a gem of great sparkle, in better than nothing," as Swift says. I opened one of the volumes, it was Matthew, and read as follows:—[illegible]

"These valleys and rocks never heard."

Happy valleys, thought I, and primitive rocks. The entrance of my wife with another dinner-card in her hand, marred my further meditation. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews now took their turn to request the honour of our company to dinner in Morning-line, Hackney. There was something in the sound of Morning-line that I did not dislike. I thought of Guido's Aurora; of "Lord's Morning March," in the Soldier's Dream; of "Oh, how sweet is the Morning," in Lionel and Clarissa; and of "Across the Downs this morning," as sung by Storace in my own morning of life. What an erroneous anticipation! Morning-lane must be a corruption of Mourning-lane. Indeed the conversation at table strengthened the improper etymology, for nothing was talked of but the diminished height to which the extinction of the dead had been carried in Hackney church-yard. And yet we are watched, said one. Ay, and gas-lighted, said another. It is a shame, cried a third, that honest people cannot rest quiet in their graves. It will never be discontinued, cried a fourth, till a few of those felonious fellows are hanged at the Old Bailey with their shovels about their necks;—and so on to the end of the first course. As every body looked at the bridegroom in seeming expectation of a seconds of their multifarious motions, I ventured to set forth the grounds of my dissent. I observed, that, as the days of Aladin, in the Arabian Nights, had passed away, I took it for granted that those highly rebuked exhumators did not take the bodies to eat them; that their object, in all probability, was to sell them to the anatomists for dissection; that the skill of the latter must be held to be greatly improved by the practice; and, therefore, that I saw no great objection to taking up a dead body, if the effect produced was that of prolonging the continuance upon earth of a living one. My little argument was not at all relished by the relatives of a parish who all feared a similar disturbance; and Mrs. O'Thorn, whose house looks into the church-yard, on the Homerton side, whispered to a man in powder with a pigtail, her astonishment that Jemima Bradshaw should have thrown herself away upon a man of such liberal principles.

One more glass-coach yet remained to be ascended. I felt not a little wanted to hear the sight of land encouraged. So, like a young stock-broker [illegible] member of the Whitehall Club, [illegible] for dear life, and called the [illegible] Mrs. Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium-row. [illegible]

The poodle-dog bit the calf of my leg; the servant-maid crammed my best beaver hat into that of a chuckle-headed Blackwell-hall factor, who wore powder and pomatum; and—there was boiled mutton for dinner! All this, however, time and an excellent constitution might have enabled me to master. But when Agatha Bradshaw, spinster, began to open the thousand and one sluices of self-love, by occupying our ears with her "Memoirs, Anecdotes, Feats and Opinions," shewing that her butcher was the best of all possible butchers, and her baker the best of all possible bakers; reminding us that her father, the late Sir Barnaby Bradshaw, knight and lord-himself-en, was hand and glove with the mother of the late Lord Ranelagh,—the front of whose mansion waved sullenly in our view; that Mat, the Fulham coach-driver, grew his jokes, and Delve, the market-gardener, his cucumbers, upon hints given by the said late Sir B. B.; and that she, the said Agatha, in answer to a question as to the second series of Sayings and Doings, "read very little English," I could not but matter to myself, "Will nobody move for an injunction to stay this waste of words? Here is a palpable leaf stolen from the family-tree of another spinster higher up the stream of the same river!"

So much for my wife's relations; and for aught I know, the mischief may not end here. There may be uncles and aunts in the back-ground. It is all very well for my wife's sake to make much of: dressed in white satin and flowers, and placed at the right-hand of the lady of the mansion at dinner as a bride; whilst I, as a bridegroom, am thought nothing of at all, but placed, *sans ceremonie*, at the bottom of the table during this perilous month of March, when the wind cuts my legs in two every time the door opens. I must confess I am not so pleased with Cowper's Works as I used to be. "Domestic Happiness" (if every married body's is like mine,) may have "survived the Fall," but it has received a compound fracture in the process. These repeated glass-coaches, not to mention dinners in return, will make a terrible hole in our eight hundred and fifty pounds a-year (my Wife will keep calling it a thousand!) and all this to entertain or be entertained by people who would not care three straws if I dropped into a soup-tureen, yet. It is possible that felicity shall smile on us at last: perhaps when my uncle Bedwell Pitney-square gets his two hundred sides and becomes the handsomest house in all London. In the mean time—the grass grows. I say nothing: but this I will say, should any thing happen to the present southern mansion, and should I be tempted once more to enter the Temple of Hymen, my advertisement for a new helpmate shall run in the following form:—"Wanted, a wife whose relations lie in a single bowl."

New Monthly Magazine.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Weep not for the dead,
Who tranquilly repose;
Their spark of life is fled,
But with it all their woes.

The broken heart is healed,
The reign of sorrow ceases,
Their future bliss is sealed,
And they can grieve no more.

Mourn rather for the living,
Of those who struggle on,
In darkness and gloom,
Until their course is done.

Who linger here, and grieve,
As death dissolves each tie,
That makes them wish to live,
Yet cannot—dare not die!

Blackwood's Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF IMPRISONMENTS IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

RANULPH FLAMBERT, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

1100. 1. Hen. I. HENRY the First, upon his accession to the throne of England, in consequence of the death of his brother, William Rufus, released from those persons who had been the ministers of the oppressive laws, and instruments of the oppression that prevailed practised in the last reign, should be not punished. And accordingly, on the 1st of September, in the first year of his reign, by advice of the great council of the kingdom, he committed to the Tower, Ranulph, Bishop of Durham, the last named the principal counsellor in the government of Rufus in his oppressive and [illegible] conduct.

This Ranulph was of mean and [illegible] birth, and had been chancellor to William Rufus, before he was made Bishop of Durham, and had rendered himself obnoxious by being the principal [illegible] king's method of extorting money from his subjects; that it was [illegible] against him, which had nearly cost him his life. The [illegible] so [illegible] as to excite the [illegible] a very few [illegible] the Bishop of London was [illegible] of death and wished to see him. [illegible] Gerald, who was the chief of the [illegible]

* Rapin says Tirconder.

prise, directed the boat into the middle of the river, and when the chancellor inquired why they rowed so far, they pretended that the most convenient place for landing was farther on. The chancellor perceiving that the boatmen rowed towards a ship, began to suspect some deceit, and he and his secretary threw the Great and Privy Seals into the river. When they came to the ship, the chancellor's attendants were sworn to secrecy, and set on shore, but the chancellor being put on board, the ship sailed to sea, where a dispute arose between the two persons appointed to murder him, which of them should have his robe or upper garment. This contention caused a delay, during which a storm arose, and carried away the masts, and the ship was driven up the river; but the waves once more carrying it towards the sea, the chancellor's death was again determined on. At this moment one of the conspirators relented, and offered to assist the chancellor in defending himself. Encouraged by this offer of assistance, the chancellor called aloud to Gerald to give up his wicked design, and he should have whatever recompense he should demand. Gerald consented, and brought him safe out of the ship, which was by that time driven on shore.

About the first of February 1102, the bishop, by bribing his keepers, who brought him a rope in a pitcher of water, by which he let himself down from his apartment, made his escape from the Tower, and went to Normandy, where he encouraged Robert, duke of that country, and elder brother to King Henry, in his design to invade England.

WILLIAM LONGCHAMP, BISHOP OF ELY.

1191. 3. R. I.—This bishop, who was a farmer's son, became joint Regent of England, with the Bishop of Durham, during the king's absence at the crusade. He was also legate from the Pope, and chancellor of England. Longchamp very soon arrogated to himself the whole power vested in him and the Bishop of Durham, with other lords, whom the king had joined in the commission, and conducted himself with so much insolence and extravagance, that he drew on himself the envy of the nobles and the hatred of the people. His attendants are said to have been so numerous, that they consumed three years' revenue of any religious house in which he lay for one night. Prince John, the king's brother, upon whose ambitious projects the bishop, who was firmly attached to Richard, was a considerable check, joined with the nobles against him, and he was summoned before the lords spiritual and temporal, at St. Paul's Church, on the 3rd of October. He did not attend, but withdrew into the Tower, where he was besieged by Prince John, assisted by the earls and barons, and the citizens of London. After he had held out one night, he desired leave to go out of the kingdom, which was granted him, upon condition he should give up his castle. He gave sureties for the performance of this engagement, and went to Canterbury, and then to Dover, where he spent some time with Matthew de Clere his brother-in-law, constable of the castle. He then went to the sea-side, disguised in a woman's dress, with a piece of cloth under his arm, and a yard in his hand, to wait for a ship to convey him abroad, but being suspected to be a man by some persons who saw him, his hood was pulled off his head, and he was discovered. The people justly offended at the recollection of his wicked administration, dragged him along the sands, and at last threw him into a cellar at Dover, where he was secured from farther violence. The council of the realm sent for him, and he was brought prisoner to the Tower, where he was examined, deprived of his offices, and banished. King Richard afterwards restored him, and he died as he was going to Rome in 1197.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT AND OTHERS.

1196. 7. R. I.—William Fitz-Osbert, or Osbern, frequently called William Longbeard, was a citizen of London, and a man of learning and eloquence, but gave great offence to the nobility and clergy, by that which was considered by those bodies as an unpardonable crime. It is said, that he "stirred and excited the people to desire and love freedom and liberty, and blamed the excess and outrage of rich men. By such means he drew to him great companies, and with all his power defended the poor men's cause against the rich. "For this cause," adds the historian, "gentlemen hated him." But the king, who had no more reason than the people to be pleased with the overbearing power of the nobles and clergy, appears at first to have listened to, and encouraged Fitz-Osbert. And although Hollinshed tells us, that after the king was informed that Fitz-Osbert collected assemblies of the people, "he commanded him to cease from such doings." It is evident that Fitz-Osbert was not prosecuted by Richard. Whilst the king was in Normandy, Fitz-Osbert was accused of raising sedition on account of a tax, which he said would fall wholly on the poor; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was chief justice of England, ordered

Fitz-Osbert to appear before the council. He appeared, but so many of the common people attended him, that the archbishop thought it prudent to suffer him to depart. Persons, however were appointed to watch him, and apprehend him at a convenient season. Two of these persons, who were burgesses of London, thinking they had found a proper opportunity, attempted to take him, but getting an axe, he defended himself manfully, and slew one of the burgesses. He then fled with some followers to the church of St. Mary-le-bow, in Cheapside, on the day before Passion Sunday. Here, he and his accomplices defended themselves, till the church and steeple were assaulted, and they were compelled by fire and smoke to quit their station. They were taken as they came out of the church, but not without blood-shed. The son of the burgess whom Fitz-Osbert had killed, stabbed him in the belly with a knife as he was coming out. The prisoners were taken before the archbishop, and the judges in the Tower, where they were condemned, and Fitz-Osbert and nine of his accomplices were drawn from thence by the heels to a place, then called the Elms, and since Tyburn, and were there hanged. Such was the opinion which the common people entertained of Fitz-Osbert, that they believed miracles were wrought at his grave, and were restrained only by the interference of guards from paying their devotion to him as to a saint,—a character, which, according to Stow, he very ill deserved.

JOHN COURCY, OR DE CURCI, EARL OF ULSTER.

1201, 4 John.—This valiant Irish nobleman had attached himself to the interests of the unfortunate Arthur, nephew to King John, and rightful heir to the crown of England. The earl had been engaged in quarrels with Walter de Lacy, a powerful nobleman, in Ireland; and as he was going unarmed and barefoot in pilgrimage to a church, upon Good Friday, in the year 1202, he was treacherously taken prisoner by his own people, and delivered for a sum of money to Hugh de Lacy, brother to Walter, by whom he was sent prisoner to King John. The king committed him to the Tower. In 1204, the King of France sent a champion into England, who challenged all who should maintain the cause of King John against his master. The court of England was not willing to commit the decision to a single combat, but wished to give the champion an opportunity to try his strength; and, therefore, John desired the Earl of Ulster, who was a man of great strength and courage, to undertake the battle. The earl stoutly answered, "that in his quarrel, whose murderous vile mind, cowardliness, traitorous conditions, and tyrannical government, deserved not the adventure of losing one drop of blood, he would not fight one stroke; but for the honour of the realm, wherein many a good and honourable man lived to his great grief, he would willingly jeopard his life, and cheerfully accept the combat, yea, with a giant." In consequence of this consent, the earl was released; but as he was recovering himself from the ill effects of his confinement, the French champion hearing of his excessive feeding and his prodigious strength, (or, as Stow says, having seen his mighty limbs and fierce countenance,) withdrew privately into Spain. It is related of this earl, that, "being in France with the English army, King Philip, at a conference with John, desired to see some trial of his strength. The earl ordered a large stake to be fixed in the ground, on which was placed a helmet; then looking round with a menacing aspect, he cut the helmet in two pieces with his sword. The sword stuck so fast in the stake, that none but himself could remove it. Philip asking why he looked round so fiercely, he said, in case he had missed his blow, he would have cut off the heads of all the spectators, that no man living might be witness of his shame." John granted to this nobleman and his successors the privilege of standing covered before the kings of England.

European Magazine.

Miscellanies.

FRENCH BLACKING.

TWENTY years ago the Parisian beaux had no other blacking for their boots than a mixture of ivory black and glaze of egg, which was smeared over the boots and shoes, and renewed as frequently as it dried and lost its lustre. *Petit à Petit*, as the French say, the genius of Parisian invention exerted itself; and a blacking was produced, which, whilst it afforded a fair lustre, at the same time tended materially to promote the welfare of the deserving sons of Crispin, by the rapid destruction of the leather which it occasioned. Such was the prosperity of this class of French cithens during the reign of the *veritable sirage d.l' Anglois*, that they were almost as well off as the *balayeurs* (street sweepers), in the time of Napoleon; when no man took a broom in his hand who did not display a bril-

linen shirt pin, a gold watch, and a bunch of gold seals, each equal in size to a modern chronometer. But these days of antiquity were not to last for ever, and the *cloque à l' Anglois*, gave way by degrees to the *cloque Anglois* itself, in the form of the real Day and Martin (Hunt's Matchless had not then appeared to dazzle the world by its brilliancy), which was imported into France in ship-loads. The spirit of nationality at length exerted itself, and the Parisians, heartily ashamed of being tributary to their mortal enemies the English, for one of the greatest essentials of life—a shining boot, began to analyze and compose and decompose, until they produced something which the Academy of Sciences pronounced worthy of adoption. With all the pomp of French philanthropy this great discovery is now given to the world for its benefit and instruction. We subjoin the formula as published by authority.

	Avoirdepois		
	lbs.	*oz.*	*dr.*
Plaster of Paris, 1 killogramme	2	3	8
Lamp black, 2½ hectogrammes	0	8	12
Grouind Malt, 5 ditto	1	1	8
Olive Oil, 80 gummes.....	0	1	2½

GENTLEMAN.

The indiscriminate use of the word gentleman is productive of infinite mistakes, which, as appears by the following anecdote,—

"A German Baron in London, having waited for his barber, a journeyman arrived in his stead, and informed him that the old *gentleman* had been taken ill, but that he would have the honour of shaving him. This anecdote the Baron used to relate, whenever any Englishman was present at his master's court, to insinuate that the English gentry were a set of barbers."

T. A—N C.

NEGRO COUNCIL.

Near the centre of Congo, there is a large lake, which is watered by the river Lao, which runs from north to south. The negro king is a sage prince, and very much beloved by his subjects. He has a numerous court; but it costs the nation nothing; because the arts and luxury are as almost unknown there; the result of which is, that a grandee of the country lives nearly in the same manner as an honest labourer. Some idea of the simplicity of manners, there may be formed from the way in which the sessions of the king's privy council are held. In the middle of a wide plain is a large enclosure, formed of palms instead of columns; and in the midst of this verdant hall are placed a dozen of great jars, half full of water; a dozen councillors, quite naked, betake themselves to this spot with a solemn pace; each jumps into his jar, and plunges in the water up to the neck. In this way they deliberate, and decide on the most important affairs. When opinions are divided, they put to vote, and yea and nay, white, have a thousand empty jars; the king draws; and the opinion represented by the name which leaves first, has the force of a law.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

My Comment Plum Cake, No. III.; *The Mirror, No. I.*; *The Sports Book*; *J. G.*; *Mistook*; *S. A. S. V.*; *Sabbath*; *Pulpwry*; *J. G.*, are referred for insertion in our next.

H. R. We recommend such here insertion when the view here in the Mirror of the engraver is finished.

A. B. is requested to send to our office his letter.

If Jessie wishes to have a place in the Mirror, he must not send us articles piecemeal, but complete.

The following are intended for early insertion:—*Fuel*; *Origin of Romance*; *Sentiment*; *Rural Retirement*; *W. P.*; *R. J.*; *E. N. L.*; *Arabic Alegric*; *Consistency*; *V. A.*; *Mr. Tony*; *Mr. Adams*; *Jacobus*; *Montmorenci*; *Memoir of Spenser*; *J. C.-d.*

Will *W. H.* state the year in which he visited the tournament, beginning "When shall we three meet again?"

Arabia will see we had anticipated his wishes so far as relates to Hobbes.

J. G—e, in answer to the inquiry of *Antiquarius*, begs us to state that he has a copy of the *Clavis Companologia*, and is ready to give any information it contains.

Will *Idiotet* name the article to which he alludes, as we fear it is mislaid?

W. C—r is not forgotten.

The letter of *Hone* is very civil; the writer's epigram shall have a place.

A correspondent, who was born on the 1st of April, 1771, which was then Easter Monday, wishes to know when the festival will fall on the same day again. In the last century they fell together every eleven years, that is to say, in 1771, 1782, and 1793; since which time he complains that he has not had a right Monday.

We have a great arrears to insert and acknowledge.

We think *W. P.* for his kindness; the former communications are not rejected.

The *author* of the "*German Tales*" shall have from us in a day or two.

J. B—dy table has already been bookbinded by the lottery-office keepers.

Edward; *E. J. J.*; *A. E.*; *S. Sparrow*, are inadmissible.

If correspondents, in inquiring for articles, would designate them, they would save us much trouble.

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XUM